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Levi Pennington

People

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### Levi Pennington Writing to Min. Carld Byrd, October 29, 1946

Levi T. Pennington

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El TeePee, Woods,  
Cloverdale, Oregon,  
October 29, 1946.

Dear Friend:--

That sound which you hear on the roof is rain. (Well, maybe you can't hear it, but I can.) We have had two pretty fair days since you left here. One was Sunday, and my mother taught me not to fish on Sunday, and my father backed up the teaching unanimously. The other pretty fair day was yesterday, and Carl Miller, David Thomas and I spent most of the day on the river, while our three wives stayed indoors and kept warm, a thing that we were able to do more or less effectively by dressing as if we were on an arctic expedition.

We fished up the river, and had one strike and one only, and Miller got that one, which furnished more excitement than usually is furnished by one fish. Apparently he hooked his fish all right, but his star drag was not set tight enough, and the fish went just anywhere it pleased, and it pleased to go right into a mass of willow limbs and roots where the bank had been washed out and the whole outfit was trying to determine whether willows were land or water plants. The fish played tag with itself in among these roots and branches, and presently the line was all snagged up, and presumably the fish had torn loose and was on its way up the river to the spawning grounds.

But I took the oars after Thomas had shut off the motor, and put the boat alongside the willows, and while Miller held the line, Thomas took the patent gadget that I made for loosening hooks from "blind sturgeons" in the bottom of the river and started to shove the long big bamboo pole down the line to release the hook if possible. Evidently he did not realize how hard he was pushing or the line was less strong than expected, for the line snapped way down under the water, and that was that and maybe a bit more than that.

They were pretty sure that there was no use trying to do anything down in that mess where the hook and leaders were all tangled up, but I told them that the fish might be on all the time, and at least we ought to try to get the spoon and leaders. So while I held the boat in place, and tried to keep it from tipping over, with both these other men working on one side of it, and handled them tools and more or less valuable advice, they succeeded in fishing up the line with the longest gaff hook and Thomas's bared arm. And then they began cutting out that underwater jungle to get to where the hook was hung up.

And presently the water began to boil up around there, and everybody agreed that the fish was still on the hook. After a number of ineffective passes, Thomas got the gaff hook into the fish and dragged it into the boat, a beautiful silverside right out of the sea, bright as a new dollar and weighing between 15 and 16 pounds.

Well, it was an interesting experience, and a very good fish --



we ate a fine big piece of it today which the Millers left for us. Earl was going fishing for jack salmon today, and wanted us to come up so that I could go with him, but it did not seem the best thing to do; and if it has been raining where he was going as it has here, it was just as well for both of us to be under cover.

But all that is not what I wanted to write to you about. I received today notice of the receipt at the express office of a bale consigned to me, and while I know that it is no part of a pastor's business to do such a thing, I wonder if you would get it for me. I had not, till just this minute, any idea what it might be unless it was some clothing for European relief; but I have just remembered that I ordered a cherry tree from Stark Bros. for delivery at the right time, and I suspect that is what it is. If it is that tree, and you can heel it in somewhere, I shall appreciate it, and will be glad to pay for the service at regular rates. This will be the fourth tree planted at that spot in the garden. The first one died, I do not know just why. The second one had something wrong with it, for there was a big gum mass on the root. The third one came while we were back east a year ago, and I am sure its death was due to the fact that it was not taken care of properly when it arrived. It was left where the roots got too dry and moulded, and I was not surprised when it died.

I'm enclosing the express notice, properly endorsed, and a check for the express charge. Other payments I suppose can wait till I get home.

We think now that we shall be back early next week, Monday or Tuesday -- we want to help "save the country", and to be at the meeting on ministry and the monthly meeting. Don't know whether we shall come back here again or not. We had intended to spend most of the summer here.

I attended the meeting at Tillamook again Sunday. They are in a quandary there, and did not know where their next Sunday service would be held. As I got the story, the Presbyterians agreed to lease the building to them for two years, with privilege of renewal. When the Tillamook attorney wrote up the lease, he included a provision that they were to paint the church, and that all improvements, equipment, etc., that they made were to be left if and when they ceased to worship there. Since none of this was in the original agreement, the matter was referred to Joseph G. Reece and the Presbyterian higher-up in charge of such matters. This Presbyterian leader agreed that it was not fair to write into the lease what was not agreed upon, and he and Joseph Reece were to arrange the lease according to the terms at first agreed upon. This was not done, however, the explanation being that they did not succeed in finding each other, and now the time for which the verbal agreement was made and for which the monthly payments have been paid is about up, and the Tillamook Friends feel that the Presbyterians want to get the Friends out of the church. There was talk for a time that the Presbyterians might resume the use of the church themselves, but that is not now considered. And now the pews have been sold to the



church at Cloverdale, and will supposedly be removed November 1, and the building is being offered for sale.

If the pews are not taken out this week, the Friends hope to meet there next Sunday. Even if the pews are removed, they expect to meet there if they can, using some old pews that are in the basement. If they cannot meet there, they may meet at the parsonage for the present, or they are giving some consideration to the idea of renting the Seventh Day Adventists' church, the Adventists using it on Saturday and the Friends on Sunday. It is not a particularly cheerful prospect for the Friends there.

The attendance last Sunday was still small, only 22, as against the attendance two weeks before of 47, and their record attendance of 49. Abram and Ruth Astleford have been at Springbrook for some time, though expected back presently; Don Strait and his wife were visiting her people over the week end; and I do not know what others were away from the community. Some we were told were ill.

They are planning to start a Sunday School next Sunday at Netarts, where the Don Straits and the Paul Astlefords live. Florence Thomas, David's wife, was ill and in bed a week ago Sunday, after a week at the hospital, but was much better and at the piano Sunday, and came over with David yesterday.

But though I have a pile of letters on the table to sign and get ready for tomorrow's mail -- there will be enough of them to make the carrier's eyes bug out, for I did not get any letters written over the week end except one to Bertha May -- and the carrier has been extra-generous the past two days -- there are still a number of letters that I ought to write before bed time. The rain on the roof tends to sleepiness, but I had a bit of a nap this afternoon, and I can write without going to sleep, no matter what effect my letters may have on the readers.

With love and best wishes from us both to the Byrds,

Sincerely your friend,

Carld D. Byrd, Minister,  
205 East Third St.,  
Newberg, Oregon.

Along with this express notice I am enclosing a card that came to me, announcing a venture with which I am not prepared to cooperate. I have a game knee, as you know, and my left foot is not what it used to be, and there might be other reasons why I would not respond to this announcement. Did you get a similar card? If so, are there certain Lents folks who would think that not at all strange? Well, well, what reports some folks think it worth while to believe, or at least to circulate.